

The Greyhound

Heather Dale

The Greyhound's sinking in the waves, as fast the sea
receives her.

Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry
grave!

And Captain Bryce is on her deck, so we, her hands, may
leave her.

Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry
grave!

Curse the Reaper cowed in black, he's laughing at your
failing.

Pull that oar until it cracks, we're bound for better
sailing,

Bound for better sailing.

At Bryce's word we went aloft, and fought the screaming
bluster

Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry
grave!

We shortened sails and trimmed the ropes, with all that
we could muster

Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry
grave!

Curse the Reaper cowed in black, he's laughing at your
failing.

Pull that oar until it cracks, we're bound for better
sailing,

Bound for better sailing.

The Greyhound fought to stay aright as, cruel, the wild
waves tossed her.

Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry
grave!

But when the mast began to crack, we knew that we had
lost her.

Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry
grave!

Curse the Reaper cowed in black, he's laughing at your
failing.

Pull that oar until it cracks, we're bound for better
sailing,

Bound for better sailing.

So put your back into it lads, and haul against the
thunder.

Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry
grave!

And cry a prayer into the winds the ship won't pull us
under.

Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry
grave!

Curse the Reaper cowed in black, he's laughing at your
failing.

Pull that oar until it cracks, we're bound for better

sailing. (2x)

Bound for better sailing.